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Notes

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This contains some angst and adult themes near the end. Reader discretion is advised.

A blue-haired and freaky-T-shirt-clad woman led a small blond girl wearing patriotic pajamas into a certain fast-food restaurant. "Can I help you?" a worker asked nervously from behind the counter.

"Just a moment, please." Hecatia turned back toward the door and shouted. "JUNKO!! WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP CLEANING THE FINGERPRINTS ON THE GLASS IN THE DOOR AND GET IN HERE!!"

"Sorry about that," Hecatia said as an ageless blond woman wearing sinister long black robes drifted through the open door like a sagacious spirit.

"No worries," the worker lied.

"Do you know what you want?" Hecatia asked Junko.

"I want to go back to the moon again," Junko said with wide lifeless eyes and an empty *yandere* smile. "I want to destroy anyone or anything in my way until I find Chang'e, and then I want to destroy Chang'e. I want the Hourai Elixir to bring her back to life, again and again, so that I can KILL her again and again. I want her to know a fraction of the endless despair and agony that her husband brought upon me... CHANGE, ARE YOU WATCHING!? DO YOU HEAR ME!?"

"We ALL hear you, love," Hecatia said patiently, "but do you know what you want FOR LUNCH?"

"...BLACK COFFEE," Junko said with pure intensity.

"Don't you want something with it?" Hecatia asked.

"**BLACK COFFEE**," Junko growled with even more purely pure intensity, as if the fate of the universe rested on the successful communication of her choice of beverage. Her eyes briefly glowed and her "fox-fires" briefly flared up behind her.

Hecatia sighed and turned back to the suddenly terrified worker. "TWO coffees for 'Miss Easy-Does-It'— and make BOTH of them DECAF, please. And I'll also treat her to a parfait... Piecey? Tell the nice lady what you want."

"Borgar," said Clownpiece.

"Yes," Hecatia said with continued patience, "but what KIND of borgar do you want?"

"Too awl-beif pattee speshul saus lehtus cheis pickul onyun onna sesuhmee seid buhn," Clownpiece said as if she were reciting a line in a school play.

"Well, aren't you a good little girl!" the worker said.

"Nope!" Clownpiece said proudly. "I'm pure chaos!"

"Ooh-KAY," the worker said. "And for you, miss?"

"Oh badness, let me think," Hecatia said. "Well, it's a 'cheat day'. I'll have the mushroom and swiss chicken combo. And make it nice and CRISPY."

"There's FUNGUS amongus!" Clownpiece declared.

"You better LOOK OUT," Hecatia said with a grin, "or the fungus is gonna GETCHA!!" She crouched behind her charge and gave her a quick rib-tickle. "HEE HEE HEE!!" said Clownpiece.

"Will that be for here?" the worker asked with Hecatian patience.

"Yes— er, wait a moment," Hecatia said as she paid. "Where did Junko go?"

"Your companion is at the condiment counter," the worker said. "She appears to be cleaning up spilled ketchup under the dispenser."

"I do beg your pardon," Hecatia said. "JUNKO!! WOULD YOU PLEASE GET A GRIP AND SIT DOWN!? THEY PAY PEOPLE TO DO THAT!!"

"Here you go," the worker said as she handed a tray of food to Hecatia. "Enjoy your meal, I guess?"

"Thanks," Hecatia said with a wink. "We'll try not to raise too much hell."

A disappointed Clownpiece followed Hecatia to the table where Junko was sitting stiffly. "Don't I get a paper crown with my borgar?" she asked.

"You'd just set it on fire with your torch, dear," Hecatia said as she unwrapped Clownpiece's borgar. "Junko, I got a parfait for you. If you're going to maintain a corporeal form, you should eat something... Junko?"

Ignoring her, Junko spread Clownpiece's borgar wrapper flat on the table, and began to extract the grease-stains out of it with her purifying powers.

"You really don't have to do that," Hecatia said. "We're going to throw that wrapper away."

"Oh," Junko said. She returned the wrapper to Clownpiece (who immediately balled it up), and then she sat at attention behind her two coffees.

"DUDE," Hecatia said. "UNCLENCH."

Junko sighed and relaxed somewhat. "I am sorry, Hecatia. I do appreciate your keeping me company. I realize that my company is not enjoyable."

"Not at all, love. You're 'a hoot and a half'," Hecatia said sincerely. "But if you don't relax once in awhile, you're gonna blow a gasket."

"You must forgive me," Junko said distantly. "It has been a VERY long time since I took meals with others like this."

"There's nothing to forgive," Hecatia said. "Are me and Piecey making you uncomfortable?"

"No, but..." Junko took a sip of coffee, and then set it down, turned to one side and looked out the nearest window.

"But?..." a concerned Hecatia asked. "C'mon, Junko. Talk to me."

"I have purified myself so thoroughly that I have discarded most of my memories and forgotten much of my past," Junko said. "I no longer actually remember doing things like this... with my family. I did not think that I would ever spend time with other people like this again."

Hecatia stared at her. Even Clownpiece paused after swallowing a mouthful of borgar.

Junko turned back to them with an unusually vulnerable smile. "To be honest," she said quietly, "I do not even remember what my son looked like."

Hecatia grimaced. "Aw geez, Junko!... I don't know what to say."

Clownpiece didn't know what to say either— but she knew what to do. She set her borgar on her tray, and then squeezed onto Junko's lap.

As Clownpiece picked up her borgar and took another bite, Junko instinctively held her arms around Clownpiece.

Hecatia smiled behind her own sandwich. *You're still more of a mother, and more human, than you might think*, she thought.

But then, she frowned. "Piecey! Don't wipe your hands on Aunt Junko's sleeves!"

"That is alright," Junko said kindly. "With my ability to purify anything, keeping my clothing clean is a trivial task."

Hecatia eyed the front of her black freaky T-shirt. "If you're looking for things to purify," she said hopefully, "you could do MY laundry too."

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